

# SERENITY

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Presenting The Living Light philosophy and  
features of interest to spiritually-minded people.



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VOLUME IX, No. 6

JUNE 1980

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# The Fullness of Life

by Richard P. Goodwin

This part of the year, traditionally, for all of us, is a most important part of the year, for it is the time when we take a view of our past experiences, and in so doing, at least in thought, we make decisions in hopes that our future will be better, at least in some ways, than our past has already been. In speaking this morning on *The Fullness of Life*, this philosophy, is so demonstrable in its revelation of what is known as the Divine Will. We understand that Divine Will is Total Acceptance. We also understand that Divine Love is Total Consideration, and desire is Divine Expression. And yet, especially with the expression of the Divine, called desire, we seem to

stumble so frequently in the darkness of the seeming nights of satisfaction. Why is it that all philosophies for untold centuries have taught — when man is freed from desire, then man is freed from his problems? There seems to be a contradiction in that type of teaching — if in truth desire is the expression of the Divinity.

When our minds record in our consciousness a desire for anything, we make a decision, and in that decision we establish for ourselves the law of judgment for the decisions that we make are dependent upon the limited acceptances of our past experiences. And because our reliance in that moment is not upon God, from whence the desire is

## THE FULLNESS OF LIFE

truly emanating, but is relying upon what we have accepted and rejected in our life's experiences. The moment that our mind makes the judgment, the desire of God becomes for us the possession of man. It is in an error in our thinking that we experience what we call need. The need is an error in our thinking created by our own judgments. For by relying upon past experiences, we judge the ways in which our desires can be fulfilled and in that dictate we are no longer in the divine flow of God's expression. But we are in that moment the victim of our own rejections and our own acceptances. We come in that moment under the law, the dual law, of the mind. For every day there is a night, to the mind — for every right there is a wrong, for every good there is a bad, for every yes there is a no.

We all can readily accept that the Divine Intelligence known as God denies the infinite life to no form. And so when we, in our judgments, deny in our consciousness, then we have fallen, so to speak, from the grace of God. For we have become a judge in consciousness greater than the Infinite Intelligent power that is sustaining our very thought. The fullness of life is the

acceptance of life, but man dictates to God how life shall be. That, known as judgment, is the greatest cross we have to bear as we slowly but surely evolve throughout the planets in the universes that are beyond the counted hairs upon our head. So let us pause more frequently and let us first become aware of what we are rejecting in life, for it is those rejections in our mental attitudes of life that bring to us the necessary experiences and lessons of life that our soul may rise to higher planes of consciousness in the here and the now.

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*The fullness of life is the acceptance of life, but man dictates to God how life shall be. That, known as judgment, is the greatest cross we have to bear. . .*

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Man's need is life's denial, for his need is his own judgment, and that judgment keeps him from the very thing he knows he should be doing. We all know what it is that we have come to earth for, but we so frequently forget our purpose of being here. Many are the centuries that have already passed, and untold millions of experiences we have already grown through. Let us begin this new

(continued page 5)

The Wanderer leaves the realms of Hell, returns to Land of Dawn.

# A WANDERER

*in the*

# SPIRIT LANDS

*by Franchezzo*

## PART IV.

### THROUGH THE GATES OF GOLD

#### CHAPTER XXVII

*Continued from last issue—*

On our return to the Land of Dawn we met with a right royal welcome from our Brotherhood, and a festival was given in our honor.

On entering our own little rooms each of us found a new robe awaiting him. It was of a very light grey, almost white color, and the border, girdle, and device of our order — an anchor and a star upon the left sleeve — were in deep golden yellow.

I greatly prized this new dress because in the spirit world the dress symbolizes the state of advancement of the spirit, and is esteemed as showing what each one has attained. What I prized even more than this new dress,

however, was a most beautiful wreath of pure white spirit roses which I found had clustered around and framed the magic picture of my beloved — a frame that never withered, never faded, and whose fragrance was wafted to me as I reposed on the snow white couch and gazed out upon those peaceful hills behind which there shone the dawning day.

I was aroused from my reverie by a friend who came to summon me to the festival, and on entering the great hall I found my father and some friends of my wanderings awaiting me. We greeted one another with much emotion, and after we had enjoyed a banquet similar to the one I

*(continued page 7)*

## THE FULLNESS OF LIFE

*continued from page 3*

year as a new life by taking an honest view of what we have done with what we already have.

The fullness of life is like the raindrops that fall in this very moment of our experience. They do not fall in one place and deny the sustenance

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*... in the moment that  
we enter this veil of illusion  
by giving thought and power  
over us to things outside, that  
is the moment that we lose  
in consciousness the power  
of goodness that is our  
eternal right.*

---

to another. They fall in keeping with immutable law, and that law is governed by an Intelligence greater than all human minds. It shares its blessings and its goodness with all who are ready to accept it. But the readiness of acceptance does not come until we take an honest look at ourselves. To give thought to things outside our control is to enter the veil of illusion for it, in the moment that we enter this veil of illusion by giving thought and power over us to things outside, that is the moment that we lose in consciousness

the power of goodness that is our eternal right.

Many students over these years of teaching have stated what a struggle they have with tolerance. But what is intolerance? Intolerance is a judgment and a denial of the right, the eternal right, of God's expression. Because we do not agree with those with whom

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*Intolerance is a judgment  
and a denial of the right,  
the eternal right,  
of God's expression.*

---

we associate, we believe that we are then intolerant. My good friends, it is the steps of awakening that we are in such judgment. Let us pause for a moment, and let us listen to the voice that spoke so many years ago when it stated so simply, "I am only a witness of time passing on, a witness of things that have come and gone. Never the jury or judge will I be, for I am the witness, the life and the tree." So let us from this moment on be the witness of life, and then we will know we will not have to seek, and we will not have to search, we will not have to ask where God is for we will know God in our own acceptance. □

# Visitors' Views

"I was very happy here and felt very comfortable." — F.F.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I truly enjoyed the service and I'm making plans to come more frequently. It was super!!!" — Y.G.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I enjoyed the service very much. Music was lovely. Quality of messages excellent."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The service was very good. I did like it and will be back." — L.B.T.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Vital guidance given and superb answers in first part of program. More realistic for me than any other Western church services."

"Very unique presentation within the traditional form of a church service."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I like your services and did enjoy it. I feel good about what you are doing." — R.M.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I love it. I love what's happening." — A. O'B.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Positive thought permeated room."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I received a lovely message on my first visit. It was quite unexpected." — M.F.W.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Thank you. Yes! Freedom." — J. H.

## A WANDERER IN THE SPIRIT LANDS

*continued from page 4*

have described on my first entrance to this sphere, we all assembled at the lower end of the hall before a large curtain of grey and gold which completely covered the walls.

While we waited in expectation of what we were to see, a soft strain of music floated towards us as though borne upon some passing breeze. This grew stronger, fuller, more distinct, till a solemn majestic measure like the march of an army fell upon our ears. Not a march of triumph or rejoicing but one such as might be played by an army of giants mourning over a dead comrade, so grand, so full of pathos was this strain.

Then the curtains glided apart and showed us a huge mirror of black polished marble. And then the music changed to another measure, still solemn, still grand, but with somewhat of discordance in its tones. It wavered too and became uneven in the measure of its time, as though halting with uncertain step, stumbling and hesitating.

Then the air around us darkened till we could scarce see each other's faces; slowly the light faded, and at last all we could see was the black polished surface of the gigantic mirror, and in it I saw re-

flected the figures of two of the members of our expedition. They moved and spoke and the scenery around them grew distinct and such as I had seen in the Inferno we had left. The weird music stirred my soul to its inmost core, and looking upon the drama being enacted before my eyes I forgot where I was — I forgot everything—and seemed to be wandering once more in the dark depths of Hell.

Picture melted into picture, till we had been shown the varied experiences of each of our band, from the lowest member to our leader himself—the last scene showing the whole company assembled upon the hill listening to the farewell discourse of our commander; and like the chorus in a Greek Tragedy, the wild music seemed to accompany and explain it all, varying with every variation in the dramas, now sad and sorrowful, now full of repose or triumph, and again wailing, sobbing, shrieking or changing into a murmuring lullaby as some poor rescued soul sank to rest at last — then again rising into wild notes of clamor, fierce cries of battle, hoarse curses and imprecations; now surging in wild waves of tumultuous melody, then dying away amidst discordant broken

*(continued page 9)*

Davis describes the castle-like chapels of the priests and dignitaries.

# Views of Our Heavenly Home

by Andrew Jackson Davis

## CHAPTER X.

### WONDERFUL SCENES IN THE SUMMERLAND

*Continued from last issue—*

Annihilation in God, or the momentary and delightful loss of one's personal existence in the ocean-spirit of the Infinite, is the feeling now suggested. There is a strain of mournful music stealing through all these wonderful time-crowned structures. The domes of vast cathedrals, the turrets of temples, the spires of consecrated homes, impress one with the feeling that "there are many mansions" in the supernal Home.

From the examples of sacred precedent, and from a slowly broadening system of ecclesiastical government, these great societies of Religiousness exert very wonderful influences upon the human family, whether on earth, in

the Summerland, or upon the nearest approachable planets. In their united strength they send forth upon the golden and purpose seas of human life a fulness and a diffusiveness of religious warning and aspiration — an influence that moves millions, as it it were a breath from the very mouth of God himself. Their great empire stretches from northeast to southwest, pervading a country almost as large as the entire dry land of earth. And their history is coeval with that of the human race. Individual freedom — the gratification of the private will — occupies a trifling point; the unification of mankind "in one faith and one baptism" is their settled mission; and the steady progress they make

*(continued page 26)*

## A WANDERER IN THE SPIRIT LANDS

*continued from page 7*

notes. At last as the final scene was enacted it sank into a soft plaintive air of most exquisite sweetness, and died away note by note. As it ceased the darkness vanished, the curtains glided over the black mirror and we all turned with a sigh of relief and thankfulness to congratulate each other that our wanderings in that dark land were past.

I asked my father how this effect had been produced, was it an illusion or what?

"My son," he answered, "what you have seen is an application of scientific knowledge, nothing more. This mirror has been so prepared that it receives and reflects the images thrown upon it from a series of sheets of thin metal, or rather what is the spiritual counterpart of earthly metal. These sheets of metal have been so highly sensitized that they are able to receive and retain these pictures somewhat in the fashion of a phonograph (such as you saw in earth life) receives and retains the sound waves.

"When you were wandering in those dark spheres, you were put in magnetic communication with this instrument and the adventures of each were transferred to one of these sensitive sheets, while

the emotions of every one of you caused the sound waves in the spheres of music and literature to vibrate in corresponding tones of sympathy.

"You belong to the spheres of Art, Music and Literature, and therefore you are able to see and feel and understand the vibrations of those spheres. In the spirit world all emotions, speeches, or events reproduce themselves in objective forms and become for those in harmony with them either pictures, melodies, or spoken narratives. The spirit world is created by the thoughts and actions of the soul, and therefore every act or thought forms its spiritually material counterpart. In this sphere you will find many things not yet known to men on earth, many curious inventions which will in time be transmitted to earth and clothed there in material form. But see! you are about to receive the Palm branch which is given to each of you as a reward of your victory."

At this moment the large doors of the hall were once more thrown open and our grand master entered, followed by the same train of handsome youths I had seen before, only this time each carried a branch of palm instead of a wreath of laurel.

*(continued page 30)*

## nvocation

*Thank Thee, God  
For helping us to see  
That we create  
Our own reality.*

## eading

*Whatever we are experiencing in our life is exactly where we are in consciousness. Although difficult for our minds to accept, it is true — and we have little indications of this truth all of the time if we will just look at them. Such an indication occurs when we are treated harshly by someone. If we will just stop and think about it we will realize that we have attracted that level of consciousness to us because we were in rapport with it. We were in rapport with it because we have been harsh in our own thinking, either about ourselves, about that person, or about some other person. But we have been entertaining that level of consciousness, harshness, in our own minds, and like a magnet we have attracted it to us. Gradually it seems to sink into our minds that there is a strange similarity between what is going on in our lives, and what is going on in our heads. That strangeness is not psychic ability or prophesy—it is just a law being*

*demonstrated—the law of personal responsibility.*

*In addition to being personally responsible for attracting certain experiences to us, personal responsibility also means that we are responsible for what we see in life — for it is our own attitude, our own judgments that determine what we see. We cannot view anything or anyone any differently than what we have judged they are, and we are responsible for the judgment. For example, if we judge that someone is going to act in a certain way, then for us they will act that way. To our eyes they will forevermore act the way we have judged they will act. Until we examine our judgment and change our attitude that judgment will totally control our view. Someone else's view, someone without our judgment, will see that person differently, and so will we — if we change our attitude.*

*Therefore, it behooves us to change our attitudes, and*

*(continued page 28)*

# Today's View of Past Frontiers

## *SPIRITUALISM IN NEW ENGLAND*

*by C. Harrison Engel — National Missionary*

Excerpts from CENTENNIAL BOOK OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA

The story of Spiritualism on the eastern seaboard and New England is replete with names, drama and places. And so, under the liberal constitution of the thirteen colonies with it's new freedoms of speech and worship, freemen began to speak with conviction the voice of their souls. Demanding reparations for such ignominious tragedies as the burning of the witches of Salem, and the slaying of thirty unbaptised babies buried in an historic cemetery in New England. (The Granary Cemetery, Boston).

Poets and bards, inclusive of Longfellow, Hawthorne and Emerson, now dared to write of spirits, personified, in place of God and Spirit only. God the monarch, old, bewhiskered and cruel, whose chief business and delight lay in creating fear, torment and travail was on his way out. Thus the last and the most powerful of mythical

gods was being dethroned as the new democracy of the colonists (the United States) made their demands of the sky too. The inspiration of a new God framed the constituents of Love and Brotherhood, kissed their consciousness and came to Earth whispering that Infinite Intelligence could cradle all in their pursuit of soul awakening.

Thus, then, came the great phenomena of the Spirit-world moving to earth. From yonder mountains and valleys of the Poughkeepsies up through New England and the last range of the Alleghenies and the foothills of Maine was manifested such mediumship as had never been recorded in any of the world's bibles. It fairly burst from and upon these Free Yankee Souls. It was as if the age old pent up love and emotion of Spiritual Beings was indeed bursting the first bud of Man's liberation so  
(continued page 24)

# NEWS and VIEWS

The Living Light philosophy teaches that "Truth is like a river for it continually flows from the mountain of aspiration." In an interview\* with Richard Bach, author of "Jonathan Livingston Seagull" and "Illusions," Mr. Bach discusses his search for truth. He discovered through writing that "no matter what the question is, one level of us already has the answer." He also discovered that unless he asked himself questions, he did not get answers. Much of his writing, he contends, "is talking with myself, as playfully as I can." He starts out with questions and the answers show up by the time he finishes writing a page. Thus, he believes that "if you've got questions, ask yourself for answers — and see what you have to say." The results of his doing this has given him a "sense of depth-of-consciousness" and a firm belief, based upon his own experience, that we need "look no further — it is within us

— joy, freedom, light — the answers are within us."

The purpose of life Mr. Bach believes "is to be just what we choose to be, to express life as truly and honestly and as fully as we can." He believes that when we truly seek answers to questions, the answers will come from within — we don't need anyone or anything outside of ourselves because some level of our consciousness already knows.

The beauty of this truth is that by accepting that the answers to all our questions are within, we are freed from our minds' need to control the answer. For in accepting that the answers will come from somewhere outside of our mind, we no longer have to concern ourselves with solutions, and mental gymnastics because we have released the problem knowing that the answer will come back to us. Answers come back to us in many different ways, one being through writing, but there is always an inner knowing that we have received truth.

*Those who seek Truth*

*Will find*

*Truth comes*

*From beyond the mind.*

---

\* Richard Bach, by James Bolen — "New Realities," Vol. III, No. 3. □

# POET'S PEN

## MY GOD

Oh God, how mysterious you are  
Working in the strangest ways  
You don't seem to need any praise  
For all of a sudden there you are  
In someone's eyes sparkle your stars  
From someone's heart flows your love  
And like lightening striking from above  
I see Thee whenever  
I put love into anything  
Love to me Thou doth bring  
I see Thee in the good  
That comes whenever  
I do as I should  
Oh God, it's true  
No greater servant  
There is than you —  
That's my God!

—Beverly Houser

## A PLACE

There is a place  
Where there's no time or space  
Where it's quiet and serene  
Where no shadows fall  
And there's no night at all  
So beautiful.

—Beverly Houser

Ahrinziman wills to once again stand face to face with Artemisia.

## *The Strange Story* of

by Anita Silvani

# AHRINZIMAN

## CHAPTER VII

### THE SEA OF PASSION; TEACHINGS OF THE SEPARATION OF SPIRITUAL SPHERES; WE PLOT AGAINST ARTEMISIA

*Continued from last issue—*

Great as is the range of the Spiritual sight compared to that of mortal life, it was yet too limited to show me the extent of this vast ocean that stretched away beyond the powers of even my thoughts to follow.

I climbed to the highest point of a lofty rock and looking along the far-extending shores beheld at last, at an immense distance, a solitary woman's figure, that I felt, with a sudden rush of savage joy, to be that of Queen Artemisia.

Quick as thought I sped towards her, but when I came near I found that some invisible barrier through which I could by no means pass separated me from her. In vain I sought to get nearer; a wall of iron kept me back, and no efforts of mine could break

through it. Furious with rage I at last gave up the useless attempt. A mocking laugh at my side made me turn round, to behold Mansur beside me.

"Wast not thy powers in useless efforts," said he, "for thou art on the confines of two spheres, and thou canst not pass from the one unto the other. Between thee and Artemisia there is a barrier of antagonistic magnetism, which to thy Spirit body is even more impassable than a wall of stone would have been to thy mortal envelope. If thou wouldst attack thine enemy it must be by other agency than thine own hands. To do so thou wilt need the help of those Beings whom the Dark Angel hath given thee as servitors, and such knowledge of their attributes and the laws which govern them as I only can give thee. Thy Spiritual

## THE STRANGE STORY OF AHRINZIMAN

magnetism and Artemisia's are as diametrically opposite as the two poles; as antagonistic as two gases which can in no wise blend, so violent is the force of their repulsion. Neither of you can by any means come again into personal contact with the other, unless you can indeed restore the conditions of Earth life. For in the Earth Life all spheres are mingled, and the gross materiality of the Earthly envelope enables those whose magnetisms are intensely antagonistic to draw near unto each other, even as thou mayest imprison the two opposing chemical gases in separate vessels and thus bring them into a closeness of proximity impossible to them when free. Dost thou imagine that were it possible for Artemisia to meet thee she would not herself have long since sought thee out? On the night when thou wert slain she also died, from poison administered by the orders of Prince Ahmed. Unlike thee her Spirit was fully ripe for the great change. She awoke almost at once, as one wakes from slumber, and since that hour she has not ceased to call upon thy name. She thirsts as much or more than thou for the long deferred meeting with thee, her great enemy, and she

cannot understand wherefore thou hast not obeyed her summons. She is ignorant of all laws pertaining unto Spiritual conditions. Such studies have no attraction for her. She thinks only of what the Priests have taught her, and cares not to gain even the most elementary knowledge of that state of existence in which she now finds herself. Behold her now, and mark well what fruits her crimes have borne for her, and then will I show thee how thou mayest add yet another drop unto the full cup of her bitterness."

As he pointed to the restless figure of the Queen, Mansur passed his hands slowly over my head, and then it was as though a clearer measure of sight had been given to me, for I not only saw Artemisia herself, but the multitude of Beings which thronged around her every footstep. I heard moreover every word she uttered.

"Look now," said Mansur, "see how those haunting shapes dog her footsteps, each the embodiment of a past crime. She does not know that they are things of air, mere creatures of her thoughts, reflections thrown upon her own aura as an image is thrown upon the surface of a mirror. She thinks each horrid

*(continued page 17)*

*Dictionary*  
*of*  
*The Living Light Philosophy*



*Dignity* is an expression of self-respect.

*Intolerance* is a judgment and a denial of the right, the eternal right, of God's expression.

*Happiness* — The soul faculty of happiness and the spirit of joy is known as total acceptance. Whatever comes and whatever goes, it will not change the sea of serenity on which you sail.

*Reformer* — A reformer has no tolerance for the struggle in others because there is no understanding within themselves, therefore, there is no growth.

## THE STRANGE STORY OF AHRINZIMAN

*continued from page 15*

shape is real; a sentient being like herself, and knows not were she to turn and face them calmly, to contemplate them steadily, they would melt like mist. See how each angry vengeful thought hath shaped itself into a giant phantom in her mind. See yonder Shade dipping its gory hands again and yet again into a deep pool of blood! Behold, it is but the picture which memory gives back of herself as she sat beside thee in thy dying hour. See yon crowd of Hellish Imps that scream and shriek around her; they are the curses she hath heaped on others' heads, and which have now come back to her. Each one but repeats her own words; each does but embody her own thoughts when she uttered them. Again, see yonder that white floating figure. Dost thou recognize it, with its stony Angel face as of a slumbering child and its white robes dyed with the fast flowing blood from the wounds in neck and shoulder? 'Tis the wraith of thy murdered Mother. Nay, start not. The pure Soul is not there; she rests in Paradise. That floating phantom is but the last fading remnant of the Astral shell cast off long since by the risen Soul, and only retained thus

long in its integrity by the constant thoughts of Artemisia herself, who can in no wise free herself from the memory of her victim. She thinks it is the Spirit that haunts her, and hath haunted her through these many years. She doth not know that between herself and the murdered Cynthia there exists an antagonism as great as between herself and Cynthia's son, and that it is therefore impossible that their Souls can ever meet in the Spirit sphere. She can behold yon crumbling Astral shell even as she might have beheld the poor Earth body she destroyed, but unless Cynthia could re-clothe herself in an Earthly body Artemisia can never again behold her Spirit. As for this haunting shell, were only Artemisia to have courage enough to touch it it would crumble beneath her hand, and turn to ashes for the first breeze to scatter.

Artemisia is alone by this wild sea. Naught haunts her but her own foul thoughts, her own murderous deeds. Yet in the vividness with which they are presented to her eyes doth thou not perceive how one who hath the knowledge of how to create such shapes may torment her yet more sorely? See now, she calls upon her

*(continued page 19)*

# THE P E N E T R A L I A

BEING HARMONIAL ANSWERS TO IMPORTANT QUESTIONS

*Continued from last issue —*

*by Andrew Jackson Davis*

## QUESTIONS ON THE MYTHS OF MODERN THEOLOGY

*Continued from last issue—*

Are the doctrines of the Progressives any more favorable to morals, virtue, and honesty, than this old-fashioned New-England teaching — ‘the Bible says so’?

Yes; dear Senex, a thousand times more favorable! New-England theology has tried hard, with its solemn teachings and ceremonies, to bring peace on earth and good will among men; but it does not succeed. It labors every Sunday; and thus keeps old ideas and superannuated theories popular. It is well calculated to make bigots of young minds; and conservatives of older ones. Morals, virtue, and honesty, of *an ordinary* kind, are abundant in New England; the cash-book and ledger furnish the code of commercial morals; but the universal principles of reform

and Brotherhood — which Jesus taught — are well nigh buried; lost beneath the superabundance of forms and rituals. If Jesus had confined his intuitions and mental attributes to the “say so” of the Pharisees and Sadducees — to the arbitrary teachings of the Talmud or revered gospels of ancient tribes — do you suppose he would have introduced a purer and more spiritual form of religion? Modern Progressives have in him a glorious example of independence to follow; and as to “morals, virtue, and honesty,” why, good Senex, fear not — “the Lord God *omnipotent* reigneth;” therefore, all are and must be safe eternally!

Do you believe in the perfect independence and individuality of the human mind?

Yes; all external and  
(continued page 40)

## THE STRANGE STORY OF AHRINZIMAN

*continued from page 17*

son, her only son, the one thing that can awaken still the tender emotions of her Soul. Mark with what frantic despair she calls on him, realizing that even Death hath not bridged over the gulf created by Death between them. Canst thou think of no means here to be revenged upon her, to make her suffer even as she hath made thee? Hast thou not felt that even the oblivion of Death, the mere dropping of its dark veil between thee and the object of thine affections, were a mercy compared to the worse than death which hath separated thee from thy beloved? Doth it not then occur to thy mind that thou couldst so torture Artemisia through these pictures that she would almost pray in her anguish to be left rather to the present uncertain knowledge of her son's fate, to the still cherished hope that he is in Paradise? Thou canst do nothing to the Queen herself. Her own state of misery is too deep for thee to add one feather's weight unto the burden. But in her thoughts of her son she finds the one faint hope that yet glimmers amidst the darkness of her despair. On Earth she thought that she would fain he had gone to Hell, so that she might see him

again. Now that she herself is here the Mother's Soul recoils from such a fate for her adored child. She would rather dwell here herself for all eternity than drag him down even for one hour, and though she calls thus frantically upon his name, she does so only in the hope that a far-off glimpse of him may at last be accorded to her, not with the desire to bring him into the same condition as herself."

Mansur drew closer to my side, and clutching my arm as in a vice, hissed into mine ears:

"Dost thou not understand me yet? Art thou so dull of thought as not to see that thou canst slay even this one hope, this one faint alleviation of Artemisia's lot by casting thy spells upon her? I will even show thee how it may be done, and how thou mayest drive her to despair beside which her present state were as Paradise."

The fierce cruelty of this Spirit's look and voice appalled me as he whispered his suggestions in mine ears. Yet was mine own anger against the Queen so deep that even while I shuddered at the suggestions of the Dark Spirit I yet felt loth to refuse his aid.

As before, he must have read my thoughts, for with a  
*(continued page 21)*

# A Guide to Mediumship

## and psychical unfoldment

E. W. & M. H. Wallis

### CHAPTER VI

#### OBSESSIONS: ITS CAUSES AND CURE

*Continued from last issue—*

#### **Spirits Sometimes Persistent, But Not Malicious.**

Spirits are sometimes very persistent. Having found someone who is sensitive, through whom they think they can reach their friends, they persevere in the most determined fashion, in spite of the objections and fears of the subject. Perhaps they are penitent, anxious to confess their faults, or follies, and to obtain forgiveness. Or they desire to convince their friends of their presence and console them, and, with such intentions in their minds, they, with a pertinacity that is distinctly human, but often very disagreeable, fasten on to the medium and will give him no rest. Then again, when spirits who have had little or no experience seek to control sensitives, they often exert too much influence. They transfer

their own conditions and desires too strongly, and, in their anxiety, fail to realize that they are acting unkindly or prejudicially towards their instruments. Further, as 'first control experiences' are frequently of the nature of 'impersonations,' the sensitive who is overshadowed in that way by the memory-sphere of an unhappy, conscience-stricken soul may be excused if he rebels against such influences and misunderstands their purport. Still, distressed sensitives have frequently obtained relief by a temporary surrender to the wishes of the control in the presence of experienced observers.

By thus ascertaining the object of the spirit; by reasoning with him; by appealing to his sympathy; and by instructing him as regards the nature of the effects he has produced upon the medium and how to

*(continued page 28)*

## THE STRANGE STORY OF AHRINZIMAN

*continued from page 19*

bitter sneer he said:

"Thou art a pretty one to vow vengeance against thine enemy, and then when the way is shown to thee shrink like a timid babe because its darkness appalls thee! Wander through these realms and see what pity they who reign here show to one another, and then ask thyself if thou art fit to lord it over Hell's Dark Spirits? He who would reign here must leave Remorse behind, must part with the last lingering shadow of compunc-

tion, or his weakness will cause him to be hurled under foot and trampled down like the wretched slaves whom thou shalt see thick as leaves in Autumn, cumbering the ground on every side, and serving like beasts of burden those whose stupendous wickedness hath raised them above all lesser sinners!

"Come, return with me now unto the sphere in which thou wert before, and I will show thee what manner of servants the Dark Angel hath given thee."

### CHAPTER VIII

#### THE VENGEANCE PACK OF INFERNO; HOW TO DOMINATE THEM; INTELLIGENCE RULES IN HELL AS WELL AS IN HEAVEN; HOW ASTRAL SPRITES AFFECT HUMANITY; DISEASE POISONS

Under the guidance of Mansur I soon found myself again on the spot where I had had my interview with the Dark Angel. At the command of my fiendish guide the strange and fearful creatures who were to serve as instruments of my vengeance gathered from all directions and clustered around us once more.

Some were like unto the dragons of fable, whose huge

bodies were like the combination of several monstrous reptiles. Others were like wolves, and horrible mixtures of more than one species of ferocious beasts. Horrible vultures of gigantic size swooped down to join the throng. All the most loathsome creatures known on Earth were reproduced here, with still more repulsive blending of the evil qualities of each.

*(continued next issue)*

All things in the universe exist in an organized state.

# iscourses

from

## *The Spirit World*

*Dictated by Stephen Olin through Rev. R. P. Wilson, 1853*

### DISCOURSE VIII.

#### THE TRUE WORSHIP OF THE FATHER

*Continued from last issue —*

Each department of the physical man has appropriate functions to perform, with faculties suited to its destined use. In his beautiful and wondrous instrument, the Divine Architect has displayed equal skill as in the construction of the vast universe without; and the uses to which this organization is to be applied, corresponds to the uses of all external systems, considered as separate departments, and as the united whole.

Why was man's physical nature constructed on such a comprehensive plan — a plan comprehensive as the universe? The reason obviously is, to individualize the immortal spirit. To accomplish this, man's external nature was formed upon the principle of *reception*. It is capacitated to

receive from all surrounding elements, and appropriate those elements to itself in developing its spiritual nature. As the essences of the Divine Being are diffused throughout universal space, man becomes a polished lens, whereby the concentrated *rays* of the Infinite Intelligence converge to a central point, and impress upon man's interior nature God's own image and likeness; and, it may here be remarked, that this divine nature in man will be unfolding forever, by the action of the rays of the Great Sun of Righteousness. Thus, man will be "changed from glory unto glory by the Spirit of the Lord."

Man's spiritual body is a more refined and perfect organization than the external; the "glory" of the first is so much exceeded by the "glory"

## DISCOURSES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

of the second, that the former is obscured, and has "no glory, by reason of the glory that excelleth." The anatomical structure of the spiritual body is adapted perfectly to its sphere of action in the Spirit-world — its elements, essences, and properties are arranged with reference to the elevated plane of activity in which it will forever move, in its ascending circuit of unfolding.

Can man, by searching, find out God? Yes, but not to perfection. Man, harmoniously developed, being a likeness of the great Father "of the spirits of all flesh," it follows, that as we can arrive at true views of man, so we can approximate to true conceptions of the Divine Being. Concerning the nature of the Spiritual Essence, we would observe, that he is the **Alpha** and **Omega** of all existence, and that "from him, and for him, and to him, are all things." Again, in the truthful language of Paul, there is "One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all." Here, God's relation to his universe is clearly set forth. With reference to his self-existing and eternal Superiority, he is "above all" in glory, power, and perfection. As to his

manner of existence, it may be said that without the great Sensorium of his unapproachable Majesty, he dwells in all visible and invisible substances, elements, and principles — and with reference to his manifestations of himself toward his offspring, it may be said that he is "in you all" as the origin and source of life, of energy, and of happiness. Thus the nature or elements of the Spiritual Life are everywhere diffused, permeating all substances and interdiffusing themselves through all space, living in all forms, natures, and beings — in proportion to capacity and degree of development.

God is related to the universe as man's spirit is related to his body. In the human system, the spirit-principle is diffused throughout the entire body. God is a Spirit, and he circulates throughout the boundless Realms of Infinity, imparting life and energy, and diffusing his own nature in all worlds and all substances. Man lives more in internal than in his external nature. God dwells with the "humble and contrite" more than in gorgeous palaces of self-love and sensual luxury.

*(continued next issue)*

## TODAY'S VIEW OF PAST FRONTIERS

*continued from page 11*

the perfume of Reason and Spiritual Truth might permeate all the souls of earth, and at last set men free. Many men and women were speaking in Tongues.

In lowly cottage, or from mansion drawing-rooms, trance mediumship was being born and Spirits were speaking to earth people saying, "We do live! There is no angry vengeful God ready to punish us for our sins. In sinning we suffer for and by them." That was the Democracy of the New Heaven. Home seances were prevalent everywhere. Newspaper men from Horace Greely of New York City to country editors from Maine were writing of the strange phenomena happenings everywhere. The new (old) art of healing was manifest as men "laid on hands" and healed the sick. The spirits of North

American Indians especially came through and gave again to man their soul knowledge of the curative properties of Herb and Bark and their relationship to the human body. The state of Maine (first a part of Massachusetts) was especially known for its Spiritual healers. Most important among these were the Doctors Davis, Fitzgerald, Coulson, Emerson, Fields, Littlefield and Burgess. They became recognized by the Commonwealth for their art (and some with little or no book learning in that day) received the degree of medicine with full rights to practice. Fitzgerald of Dexter, Maine, astounded the medical world with his trance blind-fold operations. His dexterity was so great that he was called to New York City Hospitals to operate on the most intricate and vital cases. (continued next issue)

---

*Be ever ready and willing to share  
The part of you that's known as care,  
For the world is filled with many a creed,  
Thinking first of name and seldom of need.*

\* \* \* \* \*

*The greatest cancer of the soul is guilt.  
Guilt comes from rejected desire, and  
desire is rejected by the educated brain.*

—The Wise One



## DIVINE HEALING PRAYER

I accept that the Divine Healing Power  
Is removing all obstructions  
From my mind and body  
And is restoring me to perfect  
Health, wealth and happiness.  
My heart is filled with gratitude  
For the Divine Law of Acceptance  
That is healing both present and absent ones  
Who are in need of help.  
Peace, the power that healeth,  
Is guiding my thoughts, acts and deeds,  
As God and I go hand in hand  
Living a life of joyful abundance.



## VIEWS OF OUR HEAVENLY HOME

*continued from page 26*

from age to age sufficiently attests their earnestness and success. "What!" you exclaim, "is all this in the Summerland?" Truly all this is in the world after death; where freedom for every sincere conviction is universally assured.

"Why do they not open their eyes, use their reason, and see their errors?" you ask.

For the same reason, I reply, that they did not open their eyes, or use their reason upon themselves, while they were in this world. They believed while on earth, and they still believe, that what they did not then have, or what they do not now know, is practically unattainable and unknowable. The spirit of love, the spirit of beauty, the spirit of wisdom, and the spirit of worship, they believe they alone possess in true form and in largest abundance. What better can they do than as missionaries, and as heaven ordained ambassadors of the everlasting truth, to reach out their philanthropic hands full of salvation for mankind wherever found? Do you think that you can "convert" any one of them to the acceptance of your convictions? If so, suppose you begin tomorrow upon your nearest ecclesiastical neighbor. When you cause

him, in the full blaze of the science and reason of the nineteenth century, to open his eyes, and to see with them what and as you do, then you may with more consistency inquire why there are sects in the Heavenly Home. (You will remember that the opening of the spiritual senses, as an immediate consequence of death, is not necessarily followed by a corresponding opening of the affections, will, and understanding.) Behold the religious habitations of the representatives of every imaginable sect scattered all over another great section, which is as large as the continent of Asia. Look now far away to the southeast of the renowned and solemnly magnificent associations and brotherhoods which we have just contemplated. The plains, and valleys, and groves, and fountains, and sparkling rivers of living water, exceed in degrees of beauty and holy loveliness all verbal expression. The different sects are fraternizing, and seem animated with feelings of mutual affinity, being engaged in a common purpose, namely: In the great work of saving mankind from endless desolation, and in promoting, thorough grace and regeneration, the desirable ends of universal purification and refinement.

*(continued next issue)*

# *Spiritual Healing*

*by Hazel Field\**

We all want to enjoy good health in our lives and we can if we make the effort to think positive thoughts for positive thoughts help to bring our mental and physical bodies into balance. When we stop to change our negative thoughts to positive ones, we help to change the chemical balance in our bodies for positive thoughts are beneficial to ourselves and others around us. When we voice positive thoughts and have positive feelings, we send out vibrations which bring positive experiences back to us.

God sustains everything we do so we should try to make the effort to think positive thoughts and act in a positive way. If we could pause and be at peace when we find ourselves thinking in a negative way, we could change those thoughts for we are the creators of our thoughts.

We cannot change what others think but we can and do

have a responsibility to change our own thoughts when we find ourselves thinking in a negative way. Positive thoughts are beneficial to our souls for when we are happy we raise our levels to ones that are higher and by doing so we set laws into motion to become healthier, both spiritually, mentally and physically.

The effort has to be from moment to moment to change from negative to positive for the mind wants to hold us in the areas in which it has had us under control. We have to spend as much effort to change from a negative way of thinking to a positive way of thinking. When we make the effort to do this, our health will begin to change for the better, for we are working to bring balance into our lives. When we think beautiful, happier thoughts, we change the way our lives are going to a more beautiful way of life. □

## A GUIDE TO MEDIUMSHIP

*continued from page 20*

proceed in future, so as to secure happier results, intelligent and observant sitters can frequently relieve the sensitive from all fear; benefit the spirit; and themselves obtain experiences of a very educational character.

Many mediums can today number among their most

faithful and helpful friends in spirit life those who at first were rough, overmastering, and apparently obsessing and undesirable controls; but who, by kindness and love, were assisted and educated and afterwards became useful and trustworthy friends and co-workers.

*(continued next issue)*

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### READING

*continued from page 10*

*thereby change our experiences. Once we start changing our attitudes, we see people and experiences suddenly transform. However, they don't transform, we do, for we have changed our view. It's like being in an airplane and looking out of the window — the view is limited by the tiny window — we can only see a*

*small fraction of what is outside. But if the pilot changes the pitch of the plane even slightly, then we see an entirely different view from our window. As pilots of our own lives, it is our responsibility to change our attitudes, to change our views, and thereby change our experiences.*

## enediction

*O God, may we  
Create a beautiful reality.*

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## A WANDERER IN THE SPIRIT LANDS

*continued from page 9*

When the grand master had seated himself under his canopy of state we were each summoned to his presence to receive our branch of palm, and when we had all done so and returned to our places again a most joyous hymn of victory was sung by everyone, our palm branches waving in time to the music and our glad voices filling the air with triumphant victory.

\* \* \* \* \*

I now enjoyed a long quiet season of rest which much resembled that half-waking, half-sleeping state, when the mind is too much in repose to think and yet retains full consciousness of all its surroundings. From this state, which lasted some weeks, I arose completely recovered from the effects of my wanderings in the dark spheres.

And my first thought was to visit my beloved, and see if she could see me and be conscious of my improved appearance. I shall not, however, dwell upon our interview; its joy was for ourselves alone — I only seek to show that death does not of necessity either end our affection for those we have left or shut us out from sharing with them our joys or

sorrows.

I found that I was now much more able to communicate with her through her own mediumistic powers, so that we did not need any third person to intervene and help us, and thus were my labors lightened and cheered by her sweet affection and her conscious recognition of my presence and of my continued existence.

My work at this time was once more upon the earth plane and in those cities whose counterparts I had seen in Hell. I had to labor among those mortals and spirits who thronged them, and impress their minds with a sense of what I had seen in that dark sphere far below. I knew I could only make them dimly conscious of it, only arouse a little their dormant sense of fear of future retribution for their present misdeeds, but even that was something and would help to deter some from a too complete abandonment of themselves to selfish pleasure. Moreover, amongst the spirits who were earth-bound to those cities I found many whom I could assist, with the knowledge and strength which I had gained in my journey.

There ever is and ever must be ample work for those  
*(continued page 32)*

# Serenity Students

*Britt Toquinto\**

Changes are difficult to make, no matter what they are.

We make a judgment as to how things should be and when we have to change that judgment, we go into trauma.

We have heard many a time, "Be ever ready and willing to change," and if we can do that graciously and without a lot of emotion, we ourself will feel good and the

change will come for the better.

We have to accept that we do not know everything, therefore, any suggestion received from anyone should be accepted as a change one way or another.

Nothing stays the same forever. Sooner or later we have to change and changes take place all the time all around us. □

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## SOMETIMES

Sometimes I look  
And what I see  
Is only a reflection of me  
A reflection that shimmers  
And fades  
Clear for an instant  
And then gone  
Lost in a crevice of my mind  
But for an instant in time  
I knew I was Divine.

—Beverly Houser

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*Editor's Note — The SENTINEL extends its appreciation to the many students of the Serenity concept of Spiritualism who contribute their articles to this magazine, sharing their understanding with our readers. Student articles are recognized by an asterisk\**

## A WANDERER IN THE SPIRIT LANDS

*continued from page 30*

who work upon the earth plane, for multitudinous as are the workers there, more are always being wanted, since men are passing over from earth life every hour and every minute, who need all the help that can be given them.

Thus passed some months for me, and then I began once more to feel the old restless longing to rise higher myself, to attain more than I had yet done, to approach nearer to that sphere to which my beloved one would pass when her earthly life was ended, and by attaining which I could alone hope to be united to her in the spirit world. I used at this time to be tormented with a constant fear lest my darling should pass from earth before I had risen to her spiritual level, and thus I should be again parted from her.

This fear it was which had ever urged me on to fresh efforts, fresh conquests over myself, and now made me dissatisfied even with the progress I had made. I knew that I had overcome much, I had struggled hard to improve, and I had risen wonderfully fast, yet in spite of all I was still tormented by the jealous and suspicious feelings which my disposition and my earthly experience had gathered about

me.

There were even times when I would begin to doubt the constancy of my beloved herself. In spite of all the many proofs of her love which she had given me, I would fear lest while I was away from her someone yet in the flesh should after all win her love from me.

And thus I was in danger of becoming earth-bound by reason of my unworthy desire to watch her continually. Ah! you who think a spirit has changed all his thoughts and desires at the moment of dissolution, how little you understand of the conditions of that other life beyond the grave, and how slowly, how very slowly we change the habits of thought we have cultivated in our earthly lives or how long they cling to us in the spiritual state.

I was then in character much what I had been on earth, only a little better, only learning by degrees wherein my ideas had been wrong and full of prejudice, a lesson we may go on learning through many spheres, higher than any I had attained to.

Even while I doubted and feared, I was ashamed of my doubts and knew how unjust they were, yet could I not free myself from them; the

*(continued page 34)*

# In Our Thoughts

Beep Beep  
Brother  
Bubba  
Sonny Burgess  
Hilda Busk  
Betty Cardnel  
Dean Cavender  
Vera Cavender  
Bessie Davis  
Harry Davis  
Dina Ekberg  
Peter E. Fink  
Louis Freehof  
Francis M. Gelardi, Jr.

Isa Goodwin  
Hansen Family  
Jonquil  
Elizabeth Kubat  
Lucas Family  
Elfa Noble  
Erick Othberg  
Greta Othberg  
Snowflake  
Tippette  
Britta Uppstrom  
Wiffle  
Elbert Wright  
Esther Yavneh

*To send a helpful thought of joy and light to those you love who have passed to the higher life, list their names in this column. Donation of one dollar per name is requested.*

## A WANDERER IN THE SPIRIT LANDS

*continued from page 32*

experiences of my earth life had taught me suspicion and distrust, and the ghosts of that earth life were not so easily laid.

It was while I was in this state of self-torment that Ahrinziman came to me and told me how I might free myself from these haunting shadows of the past.

"There is," said he, "a land not far from here called the Land of Remorse; were you to visit it, the journey would be of much service to you, for once its hills and valleys were passed and its difficulties overcome, the true nature of your earthly life and its mistakes would be clearly realized and prove a great means of progression for your soul, such a journey will indeed be full of much bitterness and sorrow, for you will see displayed in all their nakedness, the actions of your past, actions which you have already in part atoned for but do not yet see as the eyes of the higher spiritual intelligences see them.

"Few who come over from earth life really realize the true motives which prompted their actions; many indeed go on for years, some even for centuries, before this knowledge comes to them. They excuse

and justify to their own consciences their misdeeds, and such a land as this I speak of is very useful for enlightening them. The journey must, however, be undertaken voluntarily, and it will then shorten by years the pathway of progression.

"In that land men's lives are stored up as pictures, which mirrored in the wondrous spiritual atmosphere, reflect for them the reasons of many failures; and show the subtle causes at work in their own hearts which have shaped the lives of each. It would be a severe and keen self-examination through which you would pass — a bitter experience of your own nature, your own self, but though a bitter it is a salutary medicine, and would go far to heal your soul of those maladies of the earth life which like a miasma hang about it still."

"Show me," I answered, "where this land is, and I will go to it."

Ahrinziman took me to the top of one of those dim and distant hills which I could see from the window of my little room, and leading me to where we looked down across a wide plain bounded by another range of hills far away, said:

"On the other side of  
(continued page 36)



## Children's Corner



I like animals a lot. I had seven cats. I did not know better and used to squeeze them to much. That they ran away. Next time I have to be more considerit to them now I know better. I did not get another cat.

*Ayanna Wright, Age 8*

Earth is our school when we are done with this grade we go to another school or planet.

*Stacey McKenzie, Age 9*

Self control is good to have. When you get mad you have no self control but if someone critizies you and you stay calm you have self control.

*Lisa Toquinto, Age 12*

Personal responsibility

We all have personal responsibility and we all have to accept it. A lot of people in this world won't accept personal responsibility. If you don't accept personal responsibility for your actions and mistakes then you are going to

have a hard time in life.

*Jaye Chillas, Age 15½*

When I was scared I was really scared because of the shadows I was not used to so I would go to my mom and she said I should say protect me God and I would feel comfortable and some times I forgot and I will remember again.

*Ayanna Wright, Age 8*

When you have faith in something it works. But when you don't have faith it won't work. Like when you take medicine and have faith it will work it will.

*Stacey McKenzie, Age 9*

Acceptness is when you get a small piece of pie and you have to accept it or next time you may not receive any pie at all. It's like being grateful for the crumb. The law of acceptance and the law of gratitude guarantee the law of supply.

*Michael Field, Age 9*

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*In keeping with Serenity's policy to encourage expression by all its students, this column contains the unedited articles submitted by the children attending our children's philosophy classes. — Editor*

## A WANDERER IN THE SPIRIT LANDS

*continued from page 34*

those farther hills lies this wondrous land of which I speak, a land through which most spirits pass whose lives have been such as to call for great sorrow and remorse. Those whose errors have been merely trivial, daily weaknesses such as are common to all mankind, do not pass through it; there are other means whereby they may be enlightened as to the source of their mistakes. This land is more particularly useful to such as yourself, of strong powers and strong will, who will recognize readily and admit freely wherein you have done wrong, and in doing so arise to better things. Like a strong tonic this circle of the sphere would be too much for some weak erring spirits who would only be crushed and overwhelmed and disheartened by the too rapid and vivid realization of all their sins; such spirits must be taught slowly, step by step, a little at a time, while you who are strong of heart and full of courage will but rise the more rapidly the sooner you see and recognize the nature of those fetters which have bound your soul."

"And will it take me long to accomplish this journey?"

"No, it will last but a short

time — two or three weeks of earth time — for behold as I shadow it forth to you I see following it fast the image of your returning spirit, showing that the two events are not separated by a wide interval. In the spirit world where time is not reckoned by days or weeks or counted by hours, we judge of how long an event will take to accomplish or when an occurrence will happen by seeing how near or how far away they appear, and also by observing whether the shadow cast by the coming event touches the earth or is yet distant from it — we then try to judge as nearly as possible of what will be its corresponding time as measured by earthly standards. Even the wisest of us may not always be able to do this with perfect correctness; thus it is as well for those who communicate with friends on earth not to give an exact date for foreseen events, since many things may intervene to delay it and thus make the date incorrect. An event may be shown very near, yet instead of continuing to travel to the mortal at the same speed it may be delayed or held in suspense, and sometimes even turned aside altogether by a stronger power than the one which has set it in motion."

*(continued next issue)*

# Ghost Land

## RESEARCHES INTO THE MYSTERIES OF OCCULTISM

Translated and Edited by Emma Hardinge Britten, 1897

### CHAPTER III — PROFESSOR MULLER, THE GREAT SCIENTIST AND MATHEMATICIAN. Constance — The Victim — How A Flying Soul Becomes An Immortal Spirit.

*Continued from last issue—*

In the college buildings occupied by the professors and employees attached to the university of which I became a student, resided a mathematical teacher, whom I shall designate Professor Muller. This gentleman held a distinguished place in the ranks of science, and was also one of the secret society associated with myself and Professor von Marx. He was a sullen, cold, ungenial man, and though esteemed for his scientific attainments, and regarded by our society as a powerful mesmeric operator, he was generally disliked, and was particularly repulsive to the "sensitives" whom he occasionally magnetized. Professor von Marx had always carefully isolated me from every magnetic influence but his own, and though I was consequently

never required to submit to the control of Herr Muller, his very presence was so antipathetic to me that it was remarked my highest conditions of lucidity could never be evolved when he was by. He did not often attend the seances, however, in which I was engaged, although he belonged to our group, as well as others to which I was not admitted. Professor Muller's chief interest in my eyes was his relationship to a charming young lady, some years older than myself, but one for whom I cherished a sentiment which I can now only liken to the adoration of an humble votary for his saint; and truly Constance Muller was worthy to be enshrined in any heart as its presiding angel.

She was beautiful, fair, and fragile-looking as a water lily; gentle, timid, and shrinking  
*(continued page 39)*

# FABLES for young and old

## THE DOG & THE WOLF

A lean, half starved Wolf was walking around in the moonlight one night with his ribs almost sticking through his skin. He happened to meet a fat, happy Dog who looked very pleased with himself. After they had said polite How-do-you-do's to each other, the Wolf asked the Dog if he would mind his asking a question.

"Will you please tell me why you should be so much better off than I am? I don't mean to be rude, but I take many more chances than you do, and yet you are fat and sleek while I go around almost ready to drop from hunger."

The Dog said, "You could live just as well as I, if you would do what I do."

"What's that?" said the Wolf.

"Why, I just guard my master's house at night and keep the thieves away."

"That sounds easy enough," said the Wolf, "and if I can have good food, a warm bed, and a roof over my head instead of rain, snow and very, very sketchy meals the way I have now, it sounds like the job for me. Let's go."

"Very true," replied the

Dog, "just follow me," and they went off together.

While they were trotting along the Wolf happened to notice a crease in the Dog's neck and, being curious, he said, "Dog, what's that crease in your neck, how did you ever get that?"

"Oh, that's nothing," said the Dog.

"But," said the Wolf, "I want to know how you got it."

"Well, if you must know," said the Dog, "they tie me up in the daytime because I am a little bit fierce and they are afraid I might bite somebody. They let me go free only at night. In that way, they make sure that I get plenty of sleep in the daytime and I can watch better at night. As soon as it's dark they turn me loose and my master brings me plates of bones from the table himself and I am allowed to go where I want to. Pretty nice, isn't it? Come on, let's hurry up and get you a job just like it. What's the matter, why are you stopping?"

"Thank you very much," said the Wolf, "I thought there must be a catch somewhere."

"You are satisfied to remain tied up all day, without

*(continued page 40)*

## GHOST LAND

*continued from page 37*

as a fawn; and though residing with her stern, unloving uncle in the college buildings, and fulfilling for him the duties of a housekeeper, few of the other residents ever saw her except in transitory, passing glances, and none of the members of the university, save one, enjoyed the privilege of any direct personal intercourse with her. That solitary and highly-favored individual was myself.

I had made the acquaintance of the lovely lady on several occasions, when I had been sent from my friend, Herr von Marx, on messages to her uncle; and deeming, I presume, that my boyish years would shield our intercourse from all possibility of scandal or remark, the lonely fair had deigned to bestow on me some slight attention, which finally ripened into a friendship equally sincere and delightful.

Constance Muller was an orphan, poor, and dependent on her only relative, Herr Muller. Young as I was, I could perceive the injustice, no less than the impropriety, of a young lady so delicately nurtured and possessed of fine sensitive instincts, being brought into such a scene, and subjected to such a life as she led in the university. She made

no complaint, however, simply informing me that by the death of her father, a poor teacher of languages, she had become solely dependent upon her uncle, and though she hoped eventually to induce him to aid her in establishing herself as a teacher of music, she was too thankful for his temporary protection to urge her choice of another life upon him, until she found him willing to promote her wishes. As for me, I listened to her remarks on this with strange misgivings. My own secret convictions were that the stern student of the occult had brought this beautiful young creature to the college with ulterior motives, in which his devotion to magical studies formed the leading idea. I may as well record here as at any other point of my narrative that, although I was deeply interested, nay, actually infatuated with the pursuits in which my clairvoyant susceptibilities had inducted me, I was never, from their very first commencement, satisfied that they were legitimate or healthful to the minds that were engaged in them. I felt the most implicit faith in the integrity and wisdom of Professor von Marx, as well as entire confidence in his affection for and paternal care of

*(continued page 41)*

## THE PENETRALIA

*continued from page 18*

objective authority is prejudicial to the symmetrical development of our interior nature. Thousands of persons, like yourself, dear Senex, have borrowed and begged, and procured a species of negative, transient comfort from the "say so" of some revered authors. But does such consolation "in a dark and cheer-

less night" add anything to your manhood? Does it start you intelligently to action; for the harmonization of your brother man? Suppose you see some new scheme for improving the structure and commercial antagonisms of human society, dare you leave your old-fashioned New England "say so," and tread the new path? □

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### FABLES FOR YOUNG AND OLD

*continued from page 38*

being able to do what you want at any time, and all because your master brings you some bones at night and lets you run around at a time when it pleases him.

"You think it does not matter that you are not able to do what you want when you want to do it, so long as you get enough to eat; and you pity me because I sometimes want for food. It is only keeping your stomach so full

which prevents your mind from working.

"Well, you can just keep your nice, fat happiness, I'll take my skinny old freedom any day or night. I'd rather be free than fat. Liberty is what I want and what you offer cannot take its place. Goodbye."

And off he went.

**The Point:** Freedom is worth whatever price we have to pay for it.

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*Compassion is the key which locks the door  
of pride and frees our soul  
that it may soar to heaven's heights.*

—The Wise One

## GHOST LAND

*continued from page 39*

me; but here my confidence in any of my associates ended.

Somehow they all seemed to me to be men without souls. They were desperate, determined seekers into realms of being with which earth had no sympathy, and which in consequence abstracted them from all human feelings or human emotions.

Not one of them, that I can remember, ever manifested any genial qualities or seemed to delight in social exercises. They were profound, philosophic, isolated men, pursuing from mere necessity, or as a cloak to the stupendous secrets of their existence, some scientific occupation, yet in their innermost natures lost to earth and its sweet humanities; living amongst men, but partaking neither of their vices nor their virtues.

In their companionship I felt abandoned of my kind. Bound, chained, like a Prometheus, to the realms of the mysterious existences whom these men had subdued to their service, I often fancied myself a doomed soul, shut out forever from the tender and trustful associations of mortality, and swallowed up in an ocean of awe and mysticism, from which there was none to save, none to help me.

If the knowledge I had purchased was indeed a reality, there were times when I deemed it was neither good nor lawful for man to possess it. I often envied the peaceful unconsciousness of the outer world, and would gladly have gone back to the simple faith of my childhood, and then have closed my eyes in eternal sleep sooner than awaken to the terrible unrest which had possessed me since I had crossed the safe boundaries of the visible and entered upon the illimitable wastes of the invisible.

And now, methought, Constance, the fair, gentle, and loving-hearted orphan, Constance, who so yearned for affection that she was content in her isolation to cling even to a young boy like me, was to become their victim; be inducted into the cold, unearthly realms of half-formed spiritual existences; lose all her precious womanly attributes, and with fixed, wild glances piercing the invisible, stare away from the faces of her fellow-mortals to the grotesque lineaments of goblins, the forms of sylphs, and the horrible rudiments of imperfect being that fill the realms of space, mercifully hidden from the eyes of ordinary mortals. Constance, I knew, longed for this knowledge, and whether

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## GHOST LAND

*continued from page 41*

prompted by the suggestions of her remorseless relative, or fired with the sphere of influence which he projected from his resolved mind, I could not tell; certain it was that she had obtained some clew to the pursuits in which I was engaged, and was perpetually plying me with questions and attempts to elicit information concerning them.

To this, thought I felt as if I were betraying the interests of my beloved master, I invariably returned answers clothed in discouraging words and hints of warning. All would not avail. On a certain evening when I was myself off duty, but when a special meeting to which I did not belong was held by the brothers, I saw Professor Muller cross the college grounds, supporting on his arm the closely-veiled and ethereal form of Constance. I saw them enter a coach which was waiting for them at the gate, and running hastily in their track, I heard the professor direct the driver to set them down in that remote

quarter of the town where the meetings of the Brotherhood were held. "Gone to the sacrifice!" I mentally exclaimed. "Constance, thou art doomed! sold to a world of demons here and hereafter — if indeed there is a hereafter." Two evenings after this, as I was taking my solitary walk in the college grounds, a quick step pursued me; a hand was laid lightly on my shoulder, and looking up I beheld Constance Muller, a transfigured being. Her eyes gleamed with a strange, unearthly light; her head seemed to be thrown upwards as if spurning the earth and seeking kindred with the stars; her cheek burned with a deep hectic flush, and a singular air of triumph sat on her beautiful lips as she thus accosted me: "Thou false page! how long wouldst thou have kept the mistress, to whom thou hast sworn fealty, imprisoned in the darkness of earthly captivity, when realms of light and glory and wonder were waiting for her to enter in and possess?"

*(continued next issue)*

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*Nothing in life is ever wrong outside unless  
there is something wrong inside.*

— The Wise One

✦ **humor is the salvation of the soul** ✦

A placard on a New York City bus read: "Did You Make New York Dirty Today?" Underneath someone had scribbled: "Not as dirty as New York made me."

— Alice Waldron

*The Living Light Philosophy: You are making the world and the world is making you.*



## **SERENITY EVENTS**

**DINNER PARTY: SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1980 at 6:30 p.m.**  
**American Legion Log Cabin, San Anselmo**

All are cordially invited to attend our June dinner party which will be a Swedish Smorgasbord . Make your reservations now!

**BAKE SALE: SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1980 — all day**

The June bake sale will be held at the Strawberry Town and Country Shopping Center in Strawberry. We look forward to seeing you there.

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